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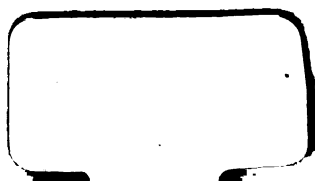
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POEMS

FROM

SIR KENELM DIGBY'S PAPERS,

IN THE POSSESSION OF

HENRY A. BRIGHT.

---

**Roxburghe Club.**

---

LONDON:  
NICHOLS AND SONS, 25, PARLIAMENT STREET.  
MDCCCLXXVII.



TO  
THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS  
OF  
THE RONBURGHE CLUB

THESE POEMS

FROM

SIR KENELM DIGBY'S PAPERS

ARE

DEDICATED AND PRESENTED

BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT

HENRY A. BRIGHT.

ASHFIELD, KNOTTY ASH, LIVERPOOL,  
August 1877.





# **The Roxburghe Club.**

MDCCCLXXVII.

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SIR KENELM DIGBY.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY R. VAN DER VOERST AFTER A. VAN DYCK.

## INTRODUCTION.

---

A SMALL packet of old discoloured papers has been for many years in my possession. These papers once belonged to Sir Kenelm Digby, and they have descended from his family to mine. Sir Kenelm Digby's second son, John Digby (of the other sons, two died young, and the eldest was never married), was married first to a daughter of the Earl of Arundel, by whom, however, he had no children; and, secondly, to Margaret, daughter of Sir Edward Longueville, of Wolverton, in Buckinghamshire, by whom he had two daughters, co-heiresses. The eldest daughter, Margareta Maria, became the wife of Sir John Conway, of Bodrythan, in Flintshire, and had a son, Henry Conway (who died, leaving an only daughter and heiress, who married Sir John Glynne), and a daughter, Margareta, who was the wife of Sir Thomas Longueville.

Sir Thomas Longueville's eldest daughter and co-heiress, Maria Margareta, married Mr. Jones of Wrexham, in 1740, and by this marriage my mother's family became possessed of these papers, which have thus come down to me.

Some papers are missing from the packet. They were given away as autographs, and cannot be recovered. Sixteen, however, containing nineteen various pieces, remain. Among them are copies of Ben Jonson's well-known lines to Lady Venetia Digby (as she was always called), and one or two other papers are probably also copies. On the other hand, there are several which are undoubtedly original, and several which, I believe, have never been in print. In

1851, I communicated two poems to *Notes and Queries*, and, in 1873, I sent a list of them all to the *Athenæum*, in hopes that some light might be thrown on the authorship of such as were still doubtful. I got, however, no further information, and last year I placed the entire packet in the hands of Mr. Warner of the British Museum. He has gone most carefully through each paper, and I am only too glad to avail myself of the very valuable notes with which he has kindly furnished me. The result appears to be that among these papers there are eleven, including five poems by Sir Kenelm Digby himself, which have never yet been published.

These papers throw no new light on the personal history of Sir Kenelm and the beautiful Venetia Stanley. That history is so well known, that it would be unnecessary for me to repeat it at length. To mention merely the most obvious sources of information—we have *The Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby*, written by himself, and edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, and the curious passage in Aubrey's *Letters*. There is a short but interesting sketch of Sir Kenelm Digby's life, by Mr. Bruce, in *The Journal of a Voyage into the Mediterranean by Sir Kenelm Digby*, printed in 1868, for the Camden Society.

Kenelm Digby was born in 1603, and was still but a boy of seventeen when he first met and fell in love with the beautiful Venetia, daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tonge. He was then, as always, singularly handsome, of great stature, and of most winning manners, while the beauty of Venetia Stanley was already widely celebrated. Digby's mother, however, did not approve of a marriage, and he at last resolved to leave England for the grand tour.

He had many adventures. Marie de Medici made love to him, and at Madrid he found himself with Charles and Buckingham. Three years pass, and false reports of his death have reached Venetia. Whether she would have been faithful, had these reports never reached her, it is hard to say. As it was, she was

surrounded by lovers, and her relations with the Earl of Dorset were notorious. Kenelm Digby, however, meeting her accidentally on his return, in 1623, became more infatuated than ever; and, after some strange passages of courtship, he privately married her. The marriage was not declared until after the birth of their second child, in 1627. In 1633, while only in her thirty-third year, Venetia Digby died. Aubrey says, "She dyed in her bed suddenly. Some suspected that she was poysened. When her head was opened, there was found but little braine, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper-wine; but spiteful women would say 'twas a viper-husband, who was jealous of her. I have heard some say—*e.g.*, my cos. Eliz. Falkner—that after her marriage she redeemed her honour by her strickt living." She was buried in Christ Church, near Newgate; and her husband, professing himself disconsolate, erected a magnificent monument to her memory, and himself retired for three years to Gresham College, where he affected the dress of a hermit, and studied chemistry.

Into the subsequent history of Sir Kenelm Digby's life, there is no occasion to enter, as the papers before us are chiefly connected with his wife. Perhaps I may venture to add that, as it seems to me, no one can read about Sir Kenelm Digby without a sort of double wonder, first, at the great ability of the man, and, secondly, that, eminent as he was, he should not have been greater, and left behind him a more enduring mark. His epitaph—and the epitaph is scarcely an exaggeration—records that—

"Under this tomb the matchless Digby lies,  
Digby, the great, the valiant, and the wise;  
This age's wonder for his noble parts,  
Skilled in six tongues, and learned in all the arts.  
Born on the day he died, the eleventh of June,  
And that day bravely fought at Scanderoon;  
It's rare that one and the same day should be  
His day of birth, of death, of victory!"

Aubrey says he was held to be the most accomplished cavalier of his time, and adds, "He was such a goodly handsome person, and had so gracefull elocution and noble addresse, that had he been dropt out of the clowdes, in any part of the world, he would have made himselfe respected." Several of his contemporaries speak of his ability in terms of the highest admiration, and Sir Harris Nicolas is only summing up their verdict when he says that, "Whether contemplated as a philosopher, a theologian, an orator, a courtier, or a soldier, his exquisite talents are alike conspicuous."

Where he failed was, one must suppose, in a certain distinction of moral character, which, after all, would seem to confer the truest dignity, and without which a man, however gifted, is constantly liable to fall into blunders and absurdities. He was vain to a degree. He wrote personal experiences of a sort which nothing can justify. He was lamentably deficient in judgment, and was constantly giving the weight of his name to the crudest theories, and the most childish superstitions. His conduct with respect to his marriage showed a carelessness which amounted to personal loss of honour. With all his ability, his works have no lastingly intrinsic value, and scarcely rank above the level of literary or scientific curiosities.

Reverting again to these papers, I have decided on printing the *whole* of them, for even in Ben Jonson's well-known lines the variations in the readings have some little interest, and it seems best to have the collection as complete as possible.

Such illustrative notes as, mainly through Mr. Warner's aid, can be given, will appear most conveniently in connection with each poem. I am unable to ascertain the exact dates at which these papers were written, and I have therefore arranged them into—

- (1.) Those in Sir Kenelm Digby's autograph.
- (2.) Others addressed to Venetia Digby.
- (3.) Miscellaneous.

Where two poems appear on one sheet, I have bracketed them in the table of contents.

HENRY A. BRIGHT.



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**POEMS**  
**FROM**  
**SIR KENELM DIGBY'S PAPERS.**



POEMS  
FROM  
SIR KENELM DIGBY'S PAPERS.

---

I.

and\*  
To the fairest, ^ most generous ~~and heroike\*~~ lady Mrs. V. S.

Most noble lady and Mistresse—

½ To obey you (that haue all power ouer me) j send you this rugged translation, w<sup>ch</sup> oweth you more of his being then vnto me: for the liking that j discouered in you to such compositions, was my first motiue to make Amyntas speake English; and since, y<sup>r</sup> cōmandes haue made him see light; without w<sup>ch</sup> j should neuer haue cast my eyes a second time vpon the loose and scattered papers that contained his passions; knowing how vnproportionable it was that so sickely a birth as they had should aspire to a long life; for they were begotten vpon the sea, when during the tedious expectation of a fauourable wind, all thinges, euen my verie thoughtes (vnlesse they were such as came accompanied w<sup>th</sup> the memorie of y<sup>r</sup> worth and vertues) were troublesome vnto me. And now that j haue made this shepheard readie for y<sup>r</sup> view, me thinkes he suffereth more in this disguise then euer he did by his Mistresses disdaines, seeing how much singular grace he hath lost by his change of habit. All that j can, or will,

\* Sic.

B

and drousie

say in my owne behalfe is, that surely the grosse ^ vapors of  
the dull and mistie clime from whence j came, remained still  
clogging of my braine when j vndertooke this peece; which when it  
shall please you (through y<sup>r</sup> goodnesse) to disperse and ouercome  
w<sup>th</sup> the powerfull beames of y<sup>r</sup> grace and fauor, j will confidently sett  
vpon some nobler taske, whereby j may w<sup>th</sup> more industrie and  
better expression make it appeare how much j desire to serue you:  
And in the meane time j kisse y<sup>r</sup> fairest handes, and w<sup>th</sup> all the  
powers of my soule do rest

wholly att y<sup>r</sup> deuotion

*Endorsed—*

The dedication of Amyntas.

[The signature and date are torn off.]

---

[I cannot find this dedication in print, nor can I find mention, in any account of Digby, that he translated the "Amyntas." An *anonymous* edition, however, was published in 1628 with the following title: "Torquato Tassos' Aminta Englisht. To this is added Ariadne's complaint in imitation of Anguillara; Written by the Translator of Tasso's Aminta. London. Printed by Avg. Mathewes for William Lee, and are to bee sold at the Signe of the Turkes Head in Fleetstreet. 1628." This may *possibly* be Digby's version, which he plainly intended to publish, to judge from expressions in the MS. dedication; and the tone of dissatisfaction also in which he there speaks of his performance suggests that jealousy of his own reputation may have prompted him to suppress the dedication and print the work anonymously. The fact that the dedication is addressed to V. S., although Venetia Stanley became Digby's wife in Jan. 1625, as inferred by Sir H. Nicolas in his edition of Digby's "Private Memoirs," p. xxxiv. need be no objection, as the marriage was kept secret [*ibid.* p. xli.] till after the birth of their second son on 29th Dec., 1627. The style of this translation, however, certainly does not recall that of Digby.

It should be observed that the above edition of *Amyntas* has been attributed to John Reynolds, but on no other ground than a statement of E. Philips that the work was translated by him.

With regard to the poem "in imitation of Anguillara" printed with the *Amyntas* of 1628, it may be worth noting that in the Catalogue of the "Bibliotheca Digbeiana," inherited by George Digby, Earl of Bristol, from Sir Kenelm, and sold in 1680, in close neighbourhood to the works of Tasso is [see p. 78.] "Le Metamorfosi di Ovidio da Gio. Andr. dall' *Anguillara*. Venet. 1588."

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

It is perhaps worth noticing that Thomas Randolph, whose verses to Venetia Digby are included in these papers, published a play called "*Amyntas or the Impossible Dowry*" in 1638. Mr. Halliwell calls it "one of the finest specimens of pastoral poetry in our language, partaking of the best properties of Guarini's and Tasso's poetry, without being a servile imitation of either."

## II.

Pastor Fido. Act 2. Scen. 5.

Oh deare and blessed woods,  
 and you solitarie and silent horrors  
 true harbourers of rest and peace  
 how gladly j returne to you !  
 And if my starres had left vnto my choice  
 the maner of my life, j would not change  
 y<sup>r</sup> gentle shade for the Elisian fieldes,  
 the happie garden of the Demi-Gods :  
 For if the wisest erre not in their obseruations,  
 these transitorie goods are but vexations ;  
 who most abound's w<sup>th</sup> them he hath the lesse,  
 and is posses't more then he doth possesse :  
 Not richesse ; but such snares as tye  
 their owners from their libertye.  
 What doth auayle to one the stile of beautie  
 in freshest yeares ; or fame of <sup>modestie</sup> *honestie* ;  
 a high descent and noble birth ;  
 the graces both of heau'n and earth,  
 here large and fertile fieldes,  
 there meddowes, pastures, and a flocke that yieldes  
 a dayly haruest of encrease  
 if w<sup>th</sup> all this their hart is not in peace?  
 Happy shepheardesse, whose clothes are but a white wastcoat,  
 and on her flank a poore but cleanly petticoate ;  
 rich onely of herselfe, and without theft  
 adorn'd alone w<sup>th</sup> bounteous natures guift ;  
 that in sweete pouerty doth feel no neede,  
 nor yet the troubles w<sup>th</sup> great treasures breede ;  
 and onely so much is her store



as shee's not vex'd w<sup>th</sup> the desire of more :  
and shee w<sup>th</sup> natures guiftes her guiftes doth cherish,  
her milke w<sup>th</sup> other milke doth nourish ;  
and w<sup>th</sup> the honye of the painefull bee  
seasons those sweetes that in her natiue be ;  
and of that spring w<sup>th</sup> for her drinke shee takes,  
a bath and looking glasse shee makes.  
for her, the sky growe's clowdie but in vaine,  
and armes it selfe w<sup>th</sup> thunder or w<sup>th</sup> raine,  
for this her pouertie doth nothing feare:  
and onely one sweete pleasing care  
doth harbour in her brest,  
w<sup>ch</sup> is (whiles that her flocke doth graze or rest)  
to feede w<sup>th</sup> her faire eyes her louing swaine;  
not such a one as starres or men ordaine,  
but him of whom her loue hath freely made  
election, and they lying in the shade  
of some greene mirtle groue they fauour  
do freely speake and court each other;  
nor any flames of loue shee feeles  
that from his knowledge she conceales;  
nor sooner shee discouers them but he  
those flames doth feele as well as shee.

Thus they a perfect happy life enioy  
and know not what death meanes before they dye

KEN. DIGBY.

*Endorsed—*

A translation out of Pastor fido.

The popularity of Guarini's "Il Pastor Fido" in England was remarkable. Besides Italian editions published in London, there were translations by Dymocke, Fanshaw, Settle, Grove, Clapperton and others.

This fragment of Sir Kenelm Digby's has never (so far as I can discover) been printed.

## III.

My thoughts and holy meditations  
 shall henceforth be my recreations:  
 As for the worldes applause or Princes grace,  
 youthfull delightes, or hope of higher place,  
 since they are thinges w<sup>th</sup> others onely lend  
 my happinesse on them shall nere depend:  
 for if that youth, or frindes or grace decay  
 the ioyes that rest on them are tane away:  
 And jle nere leaue w<sup>th</sup>in an others hand  
 of my content the power or comānd:  
 But in my selfe and in an honest breast  
 all my content and happinesse shall rest.  
 An vpright hart to holinesse enclin'd,  
 a peacefull conscience and reposed minde,  
 on these firme groundes will j my ioyes erect  
 w<sup>ch</sup> nothing can orethrow but my defect:  
 for he that rightly knowes his soules estate  
 nothing but sinne can make vnfortunate;  
 And though youth or frindes or grace do leaue him  
 the trust he hath in God can not deceiue him:  
 Therefore so long as j from vice liue free  
 in spight of world or king ile happy bee.

---

This poem has never before been printed but Mr. Warner points out to me  
 that the sentiment expressed in it resembles that of a poem in "Wit's Inter-  
 preter," 3rd Edition, 1671, beginning "Farewell the gilded follies" which has  
 been attributed to Digby, though the authenticity has been doubted.



David in the shades of horrid night  
my vexed soule both groane exild from light;  
and gashly dreames  
that my frighted fancy feeds it selfe withall.  
And to adde afflictions with new paine  
despairing thoughts possesse my restless braine  
persuading me  
that I never shall see  
her that onely can my past worst houres recall:  
Then as the damnd tormented soules in hell  
enragd'gainst God with horror swell  
now growne desperate  
curse my fate  
and pray  
a day  
to loose the life I hate.

## IV.

Buri'd in the shades of horrid night  
my vexed soule doth groane, exil'd from light ;  
                                and gastly dreames  
                                are now the sad theames  
that my frighted fancy feedes it selfe withall.

And to adde afflictions w<sup>th</sup> new paine  
despairing thoughts possesse my restlesse braine  
persuading me  
.that j nere shall see  
her that onely can my past blest houres recall:

Then as the damn'd tormented soules in hell  
enrag'd 'gainst God w<sup>th</sup> horror swell  
j now growne desperate  
curse my fate  
and pray  
all day  
to loose the life j hate.

Like to the pale planet that doth raigne  
Queen of the darknesse, if the duskie traine  
of th' earth's blacke robe  
reach vp to her globe  
all the light and beauty that she had is gone ;

forced sad  
 Right so by this constrained absence  
 my soule's eclips'd and hath now lost all sence  
 of ease or ioy  
 and nought but annov  
 w<sup>th</sup> impatience and despaire do make me groane :

Yet in a harder state by much j liue ;  
 for vnto her few minutes giue  
 new beames to make her bright ;  
                                 but my night  
                                 j feare  
                                 will nere  
                                 lett me againe see light.

Nor doth it auayle me now to striue  
 w<sup>th</sup> helpe of other pleasing thoughts to driue  
                                 from me this one  
                                 w<sup>th</sup> sure will alone  
 dissolue me and turne me into earth againe :  
 for as heretofore, to helpe men sought  
 th' eclipsed moone, whom they in labor thought  
                                 w<sup>th</sup> strange noises  
                                 and broken voices  
 when they did but beate the flitting aire in vaine ;

So now all entertainments are to me  
 but discordes voide of harmonie ;  
 since absence spoiles that part  
                                 whose sweete arte  
                                 kept best  
                                 the rest  
                                 in consort w<sup>th</sup> my hart.

And j see those bookes are false w<sup>th</sup> teach  
 that absence makes betweene two soules no breach  
                                 when they w<sup>th</sup> loue  
                                 to each other moue

and that they (though distant) may meet, kisse, and play;  
for our bodie doth so clog our minde  
that here no meanes of working it can finde  
                                on thinges absent  
                                or iudging present  
till the corp'orall senses first do leade the way.

Therefore untill my soule w<sup>th</sup> freedome may  
meete thine within her house of clay  
                                nought else shall satisfy  
                                but still j  
                                alone  
                                will groane  
                                this dolefull elegie.

---

No trace of this poem can be found elsewhere. It was of course written after Lady Venetia's death on 1 May, 1633.

## V.

<sup>lowe \*</sup>  
~~Downe~~ in a vale there sate a shepheardesse  
 bewailing to her selfe her hard distresse;  
 her downe cast head vpon her knee shee lent  
 whiles w<sup>th</sup> her handes her curled haire shee rent,  
 w<sup>th</sup> carelessly now hung about her eares  
 and onely serued her for to drie her teares;  
 her teares w<sup>th</sup> from her red swolne eyes did flowe  
 faster then riuers from their fountaines growe:  
 her breast did heaue as if her hart stringes strain'd;  
 each part exprest the sorrowes it sustain'd;  
 Onely her tongue, her sorrowes were so many  
 that it found want of wordes to vtter any:  
 But by her face and gesture were exprest  
 the liuely image of a soule distrest.

\* Sic.



VI.

Like as smelles or odors of delight  
are not decreast by smelling of their sent:  
like as one candle may an hundred light  
and yet his light continues still vnspent:  
Like as a tree, whose chiefest boughes lopt off  
doth thicker springe, and sooner waxeth greene;  
or like the corne, whose rankenesse once cropt off  
doth prooue much better then it would haue beene,  
So doth my loue, the which though j bestow  
all vppon thee, itselife still nourisheth;  
though thou dost cutt it, it doth thicker growe;  
though thou dost croppe it, still it flourisheth:  
    Though thou dost all thou canst to make loue cease  
    What ere thou dost, doth make my loue encrease.

---

Both V. and VI. are also apparently unpublished.

## VII.

To the most faire and verteous Gentlewoman Mrs. V. S.

**V** Vnmach't for beuty, chaster then the ayre,  
**e** even by the Gods themselues belou'd for faire,  
**n** nature haveing made A worke soe Exellent  
**e** envie she had soe much perfection lent;  
**t** telling the world at yo'r auspicious Birth;  
**i** joue would desend from heaven to rob the Earth,  
**a** as thinking nature had delt much vneven  
**S** Such beuty to giue men was fitt for heaven.  
**t** trivmphant Phebus sittinge on his carr,  
**a** admires yo'r luster thinks you brighter arr,  
**n** nor can he guide his coach when you Aspies  
**l** looke he soe much doth on yo'r radiant Eyes.  
**e** each other God now loues (and haue in graven  
**y** yo'r name ith starrie firmament of Heaven)

---

This acrostic is unpublished, and I have been unable to trace the handwriting.

VIII.

To vew thy beautie well if thou be wise  
Com not to gaze upon this glasse of thine  
But com and look upon these eies of mine  
Wher thou shalt sie thy true resemblance twise  
Or if thou thinkes that thou profanes thine eies  
When on my wretched eies thay daigne to shine  
Look in my heart wherin as in a shrine  
The liuelie picture of thy beautie lyes  
Or if thy harmles modestie think shame  
To look upon the horroures of my heart  
Look on these lines and looking sie in them  
The trophie of thy beautie and my smart  
    And if to non of these thou daigne to cum  
    Weep eies, break heart, and you my muse be dum.

---

Though her name does not appear, there can be no doubt that this sonnet was addressed to Lady Venetia. The handwriting is unknown.

## IX.

A breef, and mysticall description  
of the fayre and statelye  
Venetia.

Though faire Venetia Stand-ley by the shoare.  
Where none can come, but by a sayle or oare.  
Yet is her beuty such, as few passe by her.  
Her vertues make all noble sprites draw nig her.  
Her golden Ankers in her sea of blue,  
Doe shoe shes noe more beutifull then true.  
For Venus faire, but outwardlie pourtrays her.  
But chast Diana inwardly arrays her.  
And all about, there growes a wrethe of gold,  
Her beuty, with her vertues to enfold.  
Then all aboue, a Crowne of gold does grow:  
Whose constancy, does neyther ebb nor flow.  
To show, that such, in Loue as be not chast,  
Must not their anker in Venetia cast.  
These worthie notes are all without denying  
But all the best is in their right applying  
Whose storme-stedde her arrives, shall ne're repent.  
This shoare is sure to, stay an ill event.  
Let men then goe from Britaine great to Grecia  
What can they see, that lookes like our Venetia

The Lady of the Sea, life of our Land.  
O happie he whome she shall tak by hand.  
For hee with ioye, enioye for ever shall,  
This Citie, sea, wreathe, anker, Crowne and all.

Faire, rare Venetia Stand-ley still, still florishe  
All valiant hartes, and vertuous hopes to norishe  
Venetia Stanlye  
Stay an il event.

*Endorsed*—G. K. to V. S.

The words "Stay an il event," which occur twice, are of course an anagram of "Venetia Stanlye."

[The only obtainable clue to the authorship of these lines appears to be the endorsement "G. K. to V. S." I can find no other verse-writer of the time whom these initials will fit except one *George Kirby*, author of "The first set of English Madrigals . . . made and newly published by George Kirbye," with dedication to "Mistris Anne, and Mistris Fraunces Jermin daughter to . . . Syr Robert Jermin, Kt. (his very good maister)" London. 1597. 4to. It is not at all likely, however, that he is the G. K. in question, and I am inclined myself to think that the author was *George Kirke*, groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I., who [see below under No. 10.] married the daughter of Aurelian Townsend. A connection between Kirke and Kenelm Digby is established by the fact that the latter also was attached to the Household; and in Digby's "Private Memoirs," edited by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1827, details are given of "a falling out between Famelicus, *one that served the King in the same place that he did*, and him" \* (Digby), arising from "Famelicus's passion, who loving Stelliana (Venetia Stanley) violently, and making once some indiscreet expression of it, had received from her a public and weighty affront, which made him convert all his affection into rage and desire of revenge." † It seems to me

\* p. 243.

† p. 249.

therefore not unlikely that George Kirke, groom of the chamber, may prove to be at once the "G. K." of the poem, who is plainly an ardent admirer of Venetia, and the hitherto unidentified Famelicus of the "Memoirs."

I find him spoken of as "the Prince's Groom of the Bedchamber" as early as 12 July, 1623 (Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1623-1625, p. 14), and from that date onwards his name frequently occurs. He was doubtless son of the George Kirke who, in a petition to Charles I. in April 1625 (C. S. P., Domestic, 1625-1626, p. 16), states that he had served King James from his infancy to his death as Groom of the Bedchamber and afterwards as Gentleman of the Robes. This suggests that he was a Scotchman, which will account for a grant of denization in England and Ireland being made to George Kirke (his son), 21 March, 1627 (C. S. P., 1627-1628, p. 103). Of the other entries in the Calendar relating to the younger Kirke I need only refer to two. Under date of 22 Nov. 1631 (Cal. S. P., Domestic, 1631-1633, p. 186, and Colonial, 1574-1660, p. 135), is a proclamation forbidding any to trade with Guinea, Binney and Angola except Sir Richard Young, *Sir Kenelm Digby*, *George Kirke*, and others to whom a patent had been granted 25 June, 1631. Again—and this is the last mention of him—under date of 26 April, 1666 (C. S. P., Domestic, 1665-1666, p. 365), is a petition from him to Charles II., saying that he is in prison for £4,000 spent on robes and wearing apparel for Charles I., who gave him on his first marriage with Ann Killigrew the manor of Sheriff Hutton, co. York, for life, *etc.* Though I can find no record of any verses written by him, there was a *John Kirke* who wrote a play called the "Seven Champions of Christendome," printed in 1638, and curiously enough he is identified by Hunter (Add. MS. 24,492, f. 47) as the "J. K." who dedicated to *Sir Kenelm Digby* H. Shirley's play of "The Martyred Souldier," printed in the same year.

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

X.

An Elegie  
In remembrance of the Lady  
VENECIA DIGBY.

What Trauelers of machles VENICE say,  
Is true of theé Admyr'd VENECIA ;  
Hee that neve saw theé, wants beleefe to reach,  
Halfe those perfections, thy first sight would teach :  
Imagination, can no shape create,  
Ayery enough, thy Forme to imitate ;  
Nor beddes of Roses, Damaske, Redde, and Whight,  
Render lyke Theé, a sweetnes to the Sight :  
Thow wert Eye-musick ; And no single Part,  
But Beauties Consort ; not one onely Dart,  
But Loues whole Quiuer ; No Prouincial Face,  
But Vniuersall ; Best in euery Place.  
Thow wert not borne, as other wemen bee,  
To neede the helpe of Heightning Poesie,  
But to make Pöets : Hee that cowlde present,  
Theé lyke thy Glasse, were superexellent :  
Witnes that Penne, which prompted by thy Parts,  
Of Mynde, and Body ; caught as many Harts,  
With euery Lyne ; as thow with euery Looke :  
Which wee conceyue, was both his Beight, and Hooke.

His Lynes before, though they were perfect steele,  
 Strong, Smoothe, and Sharpe : And só cowl'd make vs feele  
 His Loue or Anger ; witnesses agree,  
 Could not Attract, till it was toucht by Theé ;  
 Magnetick then, Hee was for height of Style  
 Suppos'd in Heauen ; And so hee was ; The whyle  
 Hee satt, and Drew thy Beauties by the Lyfe ;  
 Visible Angell, Both as Mayde, and Wyfe :  
 In which Estate, thou did'st so little stay,  
 Thy Noone, and Morning made but halfe a Day ;  
 Or halfe a Yeare ; or halfe of such an Age  
 As thy Complexion, sweetly did presage,  
 An Howre before those cheerfull Beames were sett,  
 Made all Meñe losers, to paye Natures Debt ;  
 And Him the greatest, that had most to doe,  
 Thy Frend, Companion, and Copartner too :  
 Whose head since hanging on his pensiuë Brest,  
 Makes him looke iust like one had beene possest  
 Of the whole World, and now hath lost it all :  
 Doctors to Cordialls ; Friendes to Councell fall ;  
 Heé, that all Medcines, can exactly make,  
 And freely giue them ; wanting power to take  
 Sittes, and such Doses, howerly doth dispençe,  
 A Mañe vnlearn'd, may ryse a Doctor thence.  
 I, that delight, most in vnusuall wayes,  
 Stryue to asuage, his Sorrow, with thy Prayse ;  
 Which if at first it swell him vp with greefe,



At last, may Drawe ; and minister Releefe :  
Or at the least, attempting it, expresse,  
For an Olde Debt, a frendly thankfulnes.  
I am no Herald ! so yee can expect,  
From mee no Crestes, or Scutchons that reflect,  
With Braue Memorials, on her Great Allyes ;  
Out of my reach, that Tree wOULD quickly ryse :  
I onely stryue, to doe her Fame som Right,  
And walke her Mourner, in this Black and Whight.

A. TOWNSEND.

*Endorsed—*

For the Rightly Honorable Knight S<sup>r</sup> Kenelme Digby.

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[This, like the preceding poems, is apparently unpublished, and is probably in the original autograph of Townsend.

Aurelian Townsend was author of—

“ Albions Triumph. Personated in a maske at Court. By the Kings Maiestie and his Lords. The Sunday after Twelfe Night, 1631.” London, R. Allet, 1631. 4to. Lowndes adds, “To some copies the author’s name is affixed.”

“ Tempe restored. A masque presented by the Queene and foureteene Ladies, to the Kings Maiestie at Whitehall on Shrove Tuesday, 1631.” London, 1631. 4to.

Langbaine in his “Account of English Dramatick Poets,” p. 525, says that Inigo Jones had a share in the contrivance of “Albion’s Triumph”; also, p. 552, that “the verses [of ‘Tempe’] were writ by Mr. Aurelian Townsend: The subject and allegory of the masque, with the descriptions and apparatus of the scenes, were invented by Mr. Inigo Jones.”

The Rev. Joseph Hunter adds, among other notes, in his “Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum” [Brit. Mus. Add. MS. 24,487 f. 66b.] :—

“He has some verses set to music in Lawes ‘Ayres and Dialogues’ 1653, and joined with Milton in prefixing commendatory verses before H. and W. Lawes’ ‘Choice Psalms,’ 1648. He has also commendatory verses before the Earl of Monmouth’s ‘Romulus and Tarquin,’ 1648.

"As he is the only Townsend of his time who was a writer of verses I conclude he is the person intimated in 'The Session of Poets' [by Sir J. Suckling].

'Sands with *Townsend*, for they kept no order.'

"He accompanied Lord Herbert of Cherbury abroad [See his *Life*, ed. 1826, p. 101]; and Gifford, who mentions him, '*Life of Jonson*,' p. clx. says that he had been sometime steward to the Lord Treasurer Salisbury. On what authority see Collier '*Annals [of the Stage]*,' ii. 37.

"Philip, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in some MS. notes in a copy of Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More* [sold among the books of Horace Walpole], says that Aurelian Townsend was a poor poet living in Barbican, near the Earl of Bridgewater's, and had a fine fair daughter mistress to the Palgrave first and then afterwards to the noble Count of Dorset, married to George Kirke, groom of the bedchamber to Charles I., at Christ Church, Oxford, 26 Feb. 164 $\frac{1}{2}$ , the king giving her away. Two daughters of the marriage are spoken of, Diana, wife of the last Vere, earl of Oxford, and Mary, wife of Sir Thomas Vernon of Hodnet, Bart. See *Notes and Queries*, viii. 461.

"Proof of his living in Barbican is supplied by Carew's *Poems*, No. 73, and also that he had written a poem on Gustavus Adolphus."

In *Brit. Mus. Add. MSS.* 11,811, f. 47, 21,433, f. 142, is a poem ascribed to him, entitled '*A Paradox*,' and beginning '*There is no lover hee or shee*.'

Wood states that Aurelian Townsend was "of the same family with those of Raynham in Norfolk." [*Ath. Ox.*, ed. Bliss, vol. ii.] His name however does not appear in Blomefield's *Hist. of Norfolk*.

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

The allusion to Ben Jonson's *Poems* on the "*Mynde and Body*" of Lady Venetia is worth notice.





VENETIA, LADY DIGBY.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY W. HOLLAR AFTER A. VAN DYCK.

XI.

A picture of the body of the Lady <sup>Venetia</sup>  $\wedge$  Digby by Ben.  
Johnson.

Sitting and ready to be drawne  
What make these veluets, silkes & lawne  
Embroideries feathers fringes lace  
Where eury limme takes like a face

Sende these suspected helpes to ayde  
Some forme defectiue or decay'de  
This beauty without falshood faire  
Needes nought to cloath it but the aire

Yet something to the painters view  
Were fittly interpos'd so new  
He shall if he can vnderstand  
Worke with my fancy his owne hand.

Draw first a cloude all saue her necke  
And out of that make day to breake  
Till like her face it doe appeare  
And men may thinke all light rose theare

Then let the beames of that dispearse  
The cloude\* and shew the vniuerse  
But at such distance as the eye  
May rather yet adore then spye

\* Clouds corrected to cloude in MS.

The heau'n design'd draw next a spring  
With all that youth or it can bring  
Foure riuers branching forth like seas  
And Paradise confining these

Last draw the circle of this globe  
And let there be a starry robe  
Of constellations 'bout it hurl'd  
And thou has't painted beauty's world

But painter see thou doe not sell  
A copy of this peece ; nor tell  
Whose t'is, but if it fauor finde  
Next sitting we will draw the minde.



XII.

The picture of the minde of the Lady <sup>Venetia</sup> ^ Digby by Ben.  
Johnson.

Paynter you are come, but may be gone  
Now I haue better thought theron  
This worke I can performe alone  
And giue you reasons more then one

Not that y<sup>r</sup> arte I doe refuse  
But here I may no colours vse  
Besides y<sup>r</sup> hande will neuer hitte  
To draw the thinge that can not sitte

You could make shifte to draw an eye  
An Eagle towring in the skye  
A sunne, a sea, a soundlesse pitte  
But these are like a minde, not itt

No! to expresse this minde to sense  
Would aske a heauens intelligence  
Since nothing can reporte her flame  
But what's akinne to whence it came

Sweete minde then speake y<sup>r</sup> selfe and say  
As you goe on by what braue way  
Our sence you doe w<sup>th</sup> knowledge fill  
And yet remaine our wonder still

I call you Muse: now make it true  
Henceforth may eury line be you  
That all may say that see the frame  
This is no picture but the same

A minde so pure so perfecte fine  
 As 'tis not radiante but deuine  
 And so disdayning any tryer  
 'Tis gott where it can try the fyer

There high exalted in her sphere  
 As it an other nature were  
 It mooueth all and makes a flight  
 As circular as infinite:

Whose notions when it will expresse  
 In speech, it is with that accesse  
 Of grace and musike to the eare  
 As what it spoke it planted there

The voyce so sweete, the words so fayre  
 As some soft chime had stroak't the ayre  
 And though the sounde were parted thence  
 Still left an Eccho in the sence

But that a minde, so rapt so high  
 So swift, so pure, should yet apply  
 It selfe to vs, and come so nigh  
 Earth's grossnesse, there's the how and why

Is it because it sees vs dull  
 And *sunke*\* in clay heere, it would pull  
 Vs forth by some celestiall sleight  
 Vp to her owne sublimed height?

Or hath she here vpon the ground,  
 Some paradise or pallace found  
 In all the boundes of beauty fitt  
 for her to inhabite? there is itt

\* "Stucke," in the margin.



Thrice happy house that has't receite  
For this so lofty forme, so streight  
So polisht, perfect, round and euen  
As it slidde moulded of from heauen

Not swelling like the Ocean proude  
But stooping gently as a cloude  
As smooth as oyle pow'rd forth, and calme  
As showres, and sweete as droppes of balme

Smooth soft and sweete ; and all a flood  
Where it may runne to any good  
And where it stayes it there becommes  
A neste of spices odors gummes

In action winged like the winde  
In reste like spirits left behinde  
Vpon a banke or field of flowers  
Begotten by that winde and showers

In thee faire mansion let it rest  
Yet know with what thou ar't possest  
Thou entertaining in thy brest  
But such a minde, mak'st God thy guest.

[Both these are plainly copies, the handwriting having no resemblance to Ben Jonson's, and the name being wrongly spelt.

The differences from the printed version are very slight, and no more than are to be found in most contemporary, or nearly contemporary, copies, of which there are very many. For instance the reading of St. 16 of No. 2 "A neste of spices, odors, gummes" is found in Sloane MSS. 1792 f. 57b., 1446 f. 90, while in Harleian MS. 3511. f. 51b. is another variation "A neste of odours spice and gummes."

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

## XIII.

An Elegie on the most beauteous and vertuous Lady the Lady  
Venetia Digby.

Death! Who'd not change prerogatiues with thee  
That dost such rapes, yet may'st not question'd be?  
Here cease thy wanton luste, be satisfy'd  
Hope not a seconde and so fayre a bryde  
Where was her Mars whose valiant armes did holde  
This Venus once, that thou durst be so bolde?  
By thy to nimble theft, I know 'twas feare  
Least he should come, and might haue rescu'd her.  
Monster confesse, didst thou not blushing stand  
And thy pale cheekes turne redd to touch her hand?  
Did she not lightning-like strike suddaine heate  
Through thy colde limmes, and [thaw thy frost\*] to sweate?  
Well, since thou hast her vse her gently, Death,  
And in requitall of such pretious breath  
Watch sentinell to guard her; doe not see  
The worms thy riuals, for the Gods will be.  
Remember Paris, for whose pettier sinne  
The Troian gates let the stoute Grecians in  
So when time ceaseth (whose vnthrifty hand  
Hath now almost consum'd his stock of sand)  
Myriads of Angels shall in armies come  
And fetch (proude rauisher) their Helene home  
And to reuenge this rape thy other store  
Thou shalt resigne too, and shalt steale no more

\* These words, and one or two in the epitaph, are torn away

Till then, fayre Ladyes (for ye now are fayre  
But till her death, I fear'd your iuste despayre)  
Fetch all the spices that Arabia yeelds;  
Distill the choycest flowers of all the fields  
And when in one their best perfections meete  
Embalme her corse, that it may make them sweete  
And for an Epitaph vpon her stone;  
I can not write but I will weepe her one.

---

EPITAPH.

Beauty it selfe Lyes heere, in whom alone  
Each parte enioy'd the same perfection  
In some the eyes we prayse; in some the hay[re]  
In this the lippes in her the cheekes are [fayre]  
[That Nymphs] fine feete, her hands we beauteous call  
But in this forme we prayse no parte but a[ll]  
The ages paste haue many beautyes showne  
\*And I as many in our age haue knowne  
But in the age to come I looke for none,  
Nature despair's, because her pattern's gone.

THO. RANDOLFE.

---

This poem is of course well known, as it is printed with Randolph's other works. The alteration of a whole line in a different hand is curious. Is the alteration Randolph's own, and is the poem itself a copy?—Randolph's autograph

\* This line erased, and over it written in a different hand,  
No fewer were, in this rare parragonne.

appears to be extremely rare, but in Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt's edition there are fac-similes of his signature as it appears in the Register of Trinity College, Cambridge, and to these there is a certain resemblance in the signature to the MS. On the other hand the Trinity signatures are written Thomas Randolph, while here it is Thos. Randolfe. The handwriting is the same as that of the Ben Jonson poems (where the name is also wrongly spelt), and Randolph's intimacy with Jonson was very great. Among Randolph's poems is one "To that complete and noble Knight, Sir Kenellam Digby," but of this there is no copy among these papers.

I may add that the *printed* version of the line which is altered in this MS. is again different: "And I more plenty in our time have known."



XIV.

You wormes (my riuals) whiles she was aliue  
How many thousands were there that did striue  
To haue y<sup>r</sup> freedome ? for theyr sakes forbear  
Vnseemely holes in her soft skinne to weare  
But if you must (as what worme can abstaine ?)  
Taste of her tender body, yet refraine  
With y<sup>r</sup> disordered eatings to deface her  
And feede y<sup>r</sup> selues so as you most may grace her  
First through her earetippes see you worke a paire  
Of holes, which as the moyst enclosed ayre  
Turnes into water may the colde droppes take  
And in her eares a payre of Jewels make  
[That done vpon her bosome make y<sup>r</sup> feaste  
Where on a Crosse carue Jesus in her brest]  
Haue you not yet enough of that soft skinne  
The touch of w<sup>ch</sup> in times past might haue bin  
Enough to ransome many a thousand soule  
Captiu'd to loue ? then hence y<sup>r</sup> bodyes roule  
A litle higher where I would you haue  
This Epitaph vpon her forehead graue  
    Liuing, she was fayre, yong, and full of witt  
    Dead all her faults are in her forehead writt

---

Again in the same hand as the Ben Jonson poems, and written on paper of the same watermark. This is printed among the poems of Francis Beaumont, as the concluding part of an elegy on Lady Markham, daughter of Sir James Harington and

wife of Sir Anthony Markham, of Sedgebrooke, co. Notts., who died 4 May, 1609. Dyce prints it as Beaumont's without comment. In Additional MS. 25,707 in the Brit. Mus. at f. 30b. is a contemporary copy subscribed *F. B.*

In Mr. Collier's "Bibliographical Catalogue of Early English Literature," however he speaks of a fraudulent edition of Beaumont's poems, in which, among other things, is this "Elegy on the Lady Markham", and he appears to think Beaumont never wrote this poem. "The worms thy rivals" is an expression in Randolph's poem to Lady Venetia, and Mr. Collier evidently considers that various poems of both Jonson and Randolph have been attributed to Beaumont.

It should be observed that the two lines, which I have bracketed, are not in the printed version, but they are in the contemporary copy mentioned above.



XV.

THE HOUREGLASSE.

Doe but consider this small dust running in this glasse  
by atomes moou'd!  
Would you beleue that this the body euer was  
of one that lou'd  
Who in his Mistresse flames playing like a flye  
burnt to cinders by her eye?  
Yes! and in death as life vnblest;  
to haue it exprest  
Euen ashes of louers haue no reste

---

On the same sheet and in the same handwriting as the last poem. This of course is published among Ben Jonson's works,—and I cannot but think it probable that "You wormes (my rivalls)" is either by Jonson or Randolph:—It is well known how intimate they were, and one copyist may well have written out the poems of both. It is difficult to understand how part of an elegy to Lady Markham should get among these poems addressed to Lady Venetia.

## XVI.

Shall I like an Hermett dwell  
 on a rock or in a Cell  
 Calling home y<sup>e</sup> smallest part  
 That is missing of my hart  
 to bestow it where I may  
 meete a rivall every day  
 If shee vnderualiew mee  
 What care I for whome shee bee.  
 Were her tresses aungell gold  
 if a straunger may be bolld\*  
 vnrebuk'd and vnaffrayd  
 to convert them to a brayde  
 or w<sup>th</sup> litle more a doo  
 worke them into bracetts too  
 When y<sup>e</sup> mind is growne so free  
 What care I for whome shee bee.  
 Were her hands as rich a prize  
 as her hayre or pretious eyes  
 if shee lay them out to take  
 Kisses for good manners sake  
 and lett every lover skipp  
 from her hand vnto her lipp  
 If shee seeme not chaste to mee  
 What care I how fayre shee bee.

\* written over u.



No shee must bee pure as snow  
in effect as well as show  
warming but as snow-balles doe  
not like fire by burning to  
or by chaunce when love hath gott  
to her hart diffuse it not  
for if others share w<sup>th</sup> mee  
farewell shee who ere shee bee.

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[Printed, apparently for the first time, in the "London Magazine," August 1734, p. 444, and ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh, though no authority is given. Also in Ritson's "Select English Songs," ed. 1783, vol. i. p. 129, Cayley's "Life of Sir Walter Raleigh," vol. i. p. 153, and the Oxf. edit. of Raleigh's works, 1829, vol. viii. p. 722.

It is also included in Sir S. Egerton Brydges' edition of Raleigh's poems, published in 1814, and in Dr. Hannah's, published in the Aldine Series in 1875; but the former [p. 74] expresses his "strong doubts" of its genuineness, and the latter [p. 230] says "It seems to me quite as unlikely that Raleigh wrote this answer [to Wither's poem] as that Jonson wrote another." The handwriting is certainly not Raleigh's; but I have not succeeded in identifying it.

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

This poem, appearing among Sir Kenelm Digby's papers, reminds us that after his wife's death, he himself affected the dress and life of a hermit. The lines seem not altogether inappropriate, if we could suppose them addressed to the husband of Venetia Stanley.

Mr. Warner suggested to me that Sir Kenelm might himself have been the author of this poem; "the lady's hair and the bracelet recall a passage at p. 80 of the 'Private Memoirs,' and the poem might well have been written during the reaction from the despair into which he was thrown by the news of her faithlessness when abroad, p. 103-108." The passage to which Mr. Warner refers, is where Stelliana (Venetia), on Theagenes' (Digby's) departure, "desired him to wear for her sake a lock of her hair, which she gave him: the splendour

of which can be expressed by no earthly thing, but it seemed as though a stream of the sun's beams had been gathered together and converted into a solid substance. With this precious relic about his arm, whose least hair was sufficient to tie in bonds of love the greatest heart that ever was infused with life, Theagenes took his journey into Attica (France)." When he hears that she is going to marry some one else, he inveighs against her inconstancy, and "as he spoke these last words, he tore from his arm the bracelet of her hair which she had given him, and threw it into the fire that was in his chamber; when that glorious relic burning shewed, by the blue and wan colour of the flame, that it had sense and took his words unkindly in her behalf."

In a later note to me, however, Mr. Warner seems to have fairly identified the author, and the discovery is of considerable interest.

[With regard to the handwriting of the poem "Shall I like an Hermett dwell," I have at length, by comparison with an original letter in Harleian MS. 7002, f. 117, succeeded in identifying it as beyond all question that of Sir Henry Goodere, or Goodyear, of Polesworth. Although of course this is no absolute proof that he was also the author, all that is known of him makes it extremely probable that such was the case. Generally he seems to have been a man of learning and literary tastes; and, like Digby, he was a friend of Ben Jonson, who makes him the subject of two highly complimentary epigrams. With John Donne again he was on terms of the closest intimacy, the greater number of Donne's letters, in the collection published by his son in 1654,\* being addressed to him, as is also one of his poems. In a note to this last, Mr. A. B. Grosart ["Complete Poems of John Donne," 1873, ii. 27] says correctly that he was a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to James I.; but in identifying him with the Sir Henry Goodere, who died in 1629 and whose monument is in Hatfield Church, he seems to be mistaken. According to Berry's "Pedigrees of Hertfordshire Families," pp. 187, 188, this was a cousin of Sir Henry Goodere of Polesworth. The latter, although living in February, 1627 [Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1627-1628, p. 73], was certainly dead before the 13th November [Ibid. p. 432], when a protection against his creditors was granted to Dame Lucy, wife of Sir Francis Nethersole, and Elizabeth, Mary, and Anne Goodere, daughters and coheirs of Sir Henry Goodere, deceased.

\* One of Donne's letters ("Works," ed. Alford, 1839, v. 430) is addressed to his "worthy friend G. K.," perhaps the G. K. of poem IX.

Among the Sackville Papers at Knole Park there is a letter from him to Buckingham, dated 24 February, 1619, in which, according to the Fourth Report of the Historical MSS. Commission, Appendix, p. 284, he relates his own history and family descent; but I have not had the opportunity of consulting it.

Although his name does not appear in Hunter's generally exhaustive "*Chorus Vatum Anglicanorum*," there is no lack of evidence that he was a writer of verse. Except some lines prefixed to "*Coryats Crudities*,"\* which are by no means the most favourable sample of his powers, I am not aware that any of his poetical efforts have appeared in print; but in manuscript—and I have no doubt the list might be extended—I have found the pieces following:—

- a. Brit. Mus., Additional MS. 25,707, f. 37*b*. "*Epithalamion of the Princess [Elizabeth of Bohemia] Marriage, by S<sup>r</sup> H. G.*:" beg. "*Which of you Muses, please.*" Eight eleven-line stanzas.
- b. Ibid. f. 39. "*A letter written by S<sup>r</sup> H. G. and J. D. alternis vicibus*:" beg. "*Since every tree begins to blossome nowe.*" Thirty-six lines. This piece, whether designedly or not, is not included by Mr. Grosart in his edition of Donne's complete poems.
- c. Record Office. State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. 145, No. 12. "*An elegie and admiration on his [Prince Charles's] jorney into Spaine*:" beg. "*As lame things thirst for their perfection, soe.*" About five hundred lines. Although not autograph, enclosed by Sir H. Goodere as his own in a letter to Secretary Conway.
- d. Ibid. vol. 153, No. 112. "*Congratulation to y<sup>e</sup> Prince newly returned from Spayne*:" beg. "*You have done wonders, y<sup>e</sup> have reverst y<sup>e</sup> yeare.*" One hundred and twenty-eight lines, together with many others erased.
- e. Ibid. vol. 180, Nos. 15-17. Drafts of letters to the Marquis of Hamilton, enclosing verses on the Duke of Buckingham, beg. "*'Tis not a figure only but a beame.*" Twenty-eight lines.
- f. Ibid. vol. 115, No. 34\*. "*An Epithalamium to my lo. of Buck: and his La*:" beg. "*Severe and serious Muse.*" Thirty lines.

\* Under the name of "*Henricus Bonus-Annus*" Goodere appears, with Donne, Christopher Brooke, Inigo Jones and several other literary characters, as a guest at a "*Convivium Philosophicum*," in a poem so-called, "*Authore Dno Radulpho Colphabio, Æneo-Nasensi*," but endorsed "*Latin Rimes of Tom Corriat*." Record Office, State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. 66, No. 2.

- g.* Ibid. vol. 115, No 34\*, ii. Love verses to a lady, "Was I too blame to trust." Thirty-four lines. Although this piece is in Goodere's hand, there is no direct evidence, as in the case of all the others, that it is his own. Had it not been so, however, he would probably have affixed to it the author's name, as he has done to a short poem, also in his hand, on the same sheet. The "William Sk.," to whom he attributes this, is doubtless Sir William Skipwith, who was connected with him by marriage.

With the exception of the first three all these pieces are in Goodere's own hand, and, as well in the absence of his signature as in every other respect, they present exactly the same appearance as the poem with which we are concerned; while, at the same time, there is nothing in them from which it might be argued that he was incapable of writing what is after all but an imitation of Wither. On the contrary, nothing is more probable than that Goodere, who was a much older man than Digby, was one of the friends who, as he tells us, tried to cure him of his infatuated passion for Venetia Stanley, and that the poem was sent to him with that object, as a relief, it may be, to the graver arguments contained in the letter within which it was enclosed. Until strong evidence, therefore, is produced to the contrary, it is not too much, I think, to assume that Sir Henry Goodere was the author.

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

XVII.

To the right Wor<sup>n</sup> and truly noble S<sup>r</sup> Kellam Digbey Knight.

Thie courtly eare lend to my Rustique straine  
Brave Digbey, for a Prince did not disdaine  
To heare Apollo sing cloathd like a swaine.

Though hee was from th' harmonious spheares confin'd  
For being to his fatall Sunn to kinde  
Hee did on earth a Royall Patron finde.

His pale fact Sister, then was said to dye  
With rosie blush her cheekes to see heauens eye  
Nere to some purling\* all prostrate lye.

To see disheveld hang his golden haire  
And his sweete voice 'mong Shepheards strike the ayre  
Yet could no adverse chance his worth impaire.

For worth in darkest Clowdes of fortune shines  
Not as earth plant, heroique vertue pines  
When Sol from it his glorious course declines.

But prospers as the blackthorne by a gale  
Of angry Boreas and thick stormes of haile  
And doth in troubled seas most quiet saile

Thus Worth like gold is in furnace tried  
But who when fortune smiles, swels not w<sup>th</sup> pride  
Hee iustly 'mong the Gods is deified.

\* *Stream or brook omitted in MS.*

Jove doth in him Celestiall gifts instill  
Who bounds prescribes vnto his lawles will  
And having power doth yet abstaine from ill.

Herein thie vertue doth braue knight excell  
Whose sailes no prosperous gales of chance doth swell  
Nor to strike them tumultuous blasts compell.

In diffrent fortunes thou an equall minde  
Dost ever beare, whether the various winde  
Be rough or milde, the same wee thee doe finde.

Thee noble Digbey, whose renowned praise  
Should it be crownd with the deserved baize  
Vnblinded fortune should t' honor raise.

To honor, which though it hath oft bene sold  
To the close hoorder of care breeding gold  
Is onely due to those who vertue hold.

Vertue alone did honor as reward  
In ages past receave, vertue though skard  
And downeright halting Princes did regard

T'was shee raisd Bristow who from thee derives  
His noble linage and if vertue thrives  
No barr of highest place thie worth deprives.

The Florentines who doe amazement count  
the birth of ignorance, amaz'd recount  
how bravely thou thie armed steed didst mount

how like Alcides, or the God of fight  
Or like Dianaes lustre shining bright  
Thou didst all others with thie glorious light.

O maist thou vp to highest honor rise  
And shyning brightly from the starry skies  
Exiled Hermes sweetly patronize.

May Jove thie name during the starrs enroule  
To the Carowsing his Ambrosium bowle  
No honor is condigne, a worthie soule.

And wee who are by Mydas heires opprest  
When thou to Jove shalt be a constant guest  
Vpon thie sweetest influence will Feast  
The affectionate Admirer  
of your Vertues,

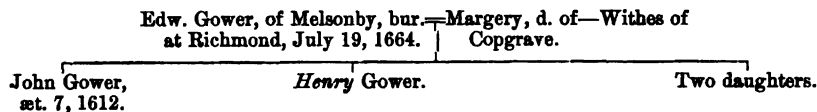
HENRY GOWER.

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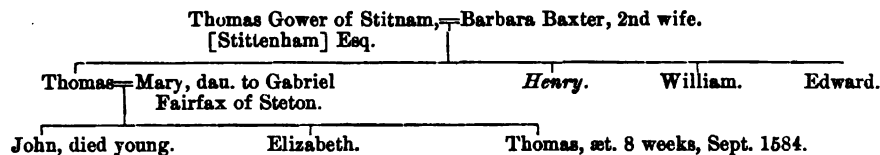
[This I can nowhere find either in print or MS., nor can I find mention of the author in any of the collections of state-papers, political or private memoirs, letters, and other sources of information of the period. The poem itself does not tell us much. As Digby is addressed as *Sir* and *Knight*, it could not have been written *before* 23 Oct., 1623, the date of his knighthood; and most probably it was not written *after* 1653, for John Digby, 1st Earl of Bristol, who died in that year, must, I think, be the "Bristow" of Stanza 14 and he is there apparently spoken of as still living. To go further than this—the fact that in such a panegyric no mention is made of Digby's naval successes in the Mediterranean, and the great exploit of his life, his victory at Scanderoon, on the 11th June 1628, makes it seem very probable that it was written before that date. In the last stanza but two the author styles himself "exiled Hermes," and in the last stanza speaks of being "by Mydas heires opprest", and begs for Digby's influence when "a constant guest" to "Jove." There certainly seems to be some special allusion here; but it is impossible to say what it is without knowing something of the author. On the whole, I think it most likely that the poem was written soon after Digby's return from Madrid with Prince Charles, in Oct. 1623, when he was taken into full favour at Court, and that the author was perhaps an English-

man whom he met abroad, at Madrid possibly, or at Florence, where we are told he spent a considerable time between 1621 and 1623. But, then, who are "Mydas heires"?

Again as to the name Henry Gower—the following is from a pedigree of Gower in Clarkson's "History of Richmond," p. 381.



The same is in Graves' "History of Cleveland," p. 478, where John is called son and heir, and Henry the second son. Nothing more is said of him; but of course he cannot be the Henry Gower in question unless the date of the poem is later than I imagine it to be. The only other Henry Gower I can find is in a pedigree in the "Visitation of Yorkshire" for 1584-5, in Harleian MSS. 1394, p. 159, 1420, f. 115b., as follows:—



The same pedigree is in Edmondson's "Baronagium Genealogicum," p. 254, save that the first-named Thomas, father of Henry, appears as Sir Edward, and Thomas his grandson is stated to have been created a Baronet in 1620. Now unless this Henry was much younger than his brother Thomas, who was married and had children in 1584, he would probably be about 60 years of age in 1623, the earliest date at which the poem could have been written, so that it is not at all likely that he was the author. The younger Thomas, the baronet, appears to have been a royalist and compounded in 1649. See Add. MS. 24,516, f. 22. One other Henry Gower I have since found in "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1631-1633," p. 41, where a pardon is granted, 16 July, 1631, to John Davies convicted of manslaughter for killing *Henry Gower*, but nothing further is said about him.

GEORGE F. WARNER.]



## XVIII.

<sup>r</sup>  
The Lord Maques Buckingham to his Lady from Spaine.

We are all well pleased & the brauest enterteyned that euer were Men. The Prince is now Lodged, in the Kinges pallace: so that his Ma<sup>tie</sup> & he lye vnder one roofe. He was brought thither w<sup>th</sup> the greatest pompe that euer was, cominge through all the Towne on the Kinges right hand vnder a Canopie & w<sup>th</sup> the same respecte that they do the Kinge of Castile. All the Councell came to kiss his hand, w<sup>th</sup> order, to do no favour nor bestowe any office duringe his abode here w<sup>thout</sup> his directions. The Prisons were all set open wherein there were aboute an 100 Prisoners and xx<sup>v</sup> of them condemned to dye six for coyning fals money. For 8 daies they make Bonfires & fireworkes throughout all the Towne and I neuer saw People more ioyed in all my daies. There are three Grandees appointed euery day to waite contynually in his Priuie chamber & he is serued for his Caruer, Cupbearer & Server w<sup>th</sup> none but Marqueses and Erles.

Comaundement was giuen that vppon Tuesday night ~~Bonfires~~  
~~that~~\* great store of Bonfires should be made throughout London in euery street.

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[In a London newsletter, dated April 4, 1623, and addressed by some anonymous correspondent to the Rev. Joseph Mead, appears an extract of a letter

\* Sic.

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from Sir Francis Cottington to his lady, which Mr. Grimes of the Prince's bedchamber had brought with other letters from Spain. This letter is printed in "The Court and Times of James I.," vol. ii., p. 382. The printed version is much fuller than that here given, and mention is made of Buckingham himself in the third person; but, omitted passages excepted, the two versions are almost word for word the same.

GEORGE F. WARNER.]

I have already mentioned that Kenelm Digby was in Madrid when Charles and Buckingham were there, which may account for this extract and the following poem—which are on the same sheet—being among these papers.



XIX.

What sodaine change hath dark't of late  
the glory of the Arcadian state :  
The fleesy flockes refuse to feede,  
the Lambes to play, the Ewes to breede.  
The Altars makes the offeringes burne,  
That Jack and Tom may safe returne.

The Springe neglectes his course to keep  
the Ayre contynall stormes do weepe :  
The pretty Birdes disdaine to singe  
the Maides to smile the woods to springe  
The Mountains droppe the valleys morne  
till Jack and Tom do safe returne.

What may that be that mou'd this woe ?  
whose want afflicts Arcadia so ?  
The hope of Greece, the proppe of artes  
was Princely Jack the ioy of hartes.  
And Tom was to his Royall Pan,  
his trusty swayne his cheifest man.

The lofty Toppes of Menalus  
did shake w<sup>th</sup> winde from Hesperus  
whose sweete delitious Ayre did flye  
through all the Boundes of Arcady  
w<sup>th</sup> mou'd a vaine in Jack and Tom  
to see the Coast the winde came from.

This winde was loue, w<sup>ch</sup> Princes state  
 to Pages turne, but who can hate  
 where equall Fortunes Loue procures  
 and equall Loue success assures ?  
     so vertuous Jack shall bringe from Greece  
 The Beutyous Prize the Golden fleece.

Loue is a world of many paines  
 where coldest hilles and hottest playnes,  
 w<sup>th</sup> barren Rockes and firtill fieldes  
 by turne, despaire and comforte yeldes  
     But who can doubt of prosperous lucke  
 where loue and fortune both conducte.

Thy Gransier great and father too  
 were thine examples thus to doe  
 whose braue attemptes in heate of loue  
 both France and Denmarke did approue  
     For Jack and Tom doe nothinge newe  
 when loue and Fortune they pursue.

Kind shepheardes that haue lou'd them longe  
 'be not rashe in censuringe wronge  
 Correct your feares leaue off to mourne  
 the Heauens will favour their returne  
     Comitt your cares to Royall Pan  
 for Jack his Sonne and Tom his Man.

Finis.

*From London*

31<sup>o</sup> Martij 1623.

I communicated this poem on the romantic journey of Prince Charles and the favourite Buckingham to Spain to "Notes and Queries," Series I. No. 63. I then believed it to be quite unknown, but I have since found that D'Israeli in the "Curiosities of Literature," article "Charles the First," says: "King James wrote a poem on this expedition [to Spain] of which the first and last verses are as follows. A copy is preserved among the Rawlinson MSS., Bodleian Library." D'Israeli subjoins two stanzas of the poem.

[I cannot find it in print except in "Notes and Queries," but there is a copy in Harl. MS. 837, f. 72, which gives some important various readings, *e. g.*—Stanza 1, *chaunce* for *change*, *altars smoake* for *makes*; Stanza 2, *meades* for *maides*; Stanza 3, *truest swayne* for *trusty*; Stanza 5, *stoute-doubte* for *state-hate*, But *vent'rous Jack* for *vertuous*; Stanza 6, *manye Spaynes* for *paines*; Stanza 8, Be not *soe rashe*, *remitt* for *comitt*. In B. M. Add. MS. 28,640, f. 37b, is another copy agreeing with the Harleian, except that it reads *change* in Stanza 1.

As regards the authorship, the Harleian and Add. copies are silent. In "The Court and Times of James I.," vol. ii., p. 375, is printed a letter, however, from John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated London 21 Mar. 1623, which contains the following passage, "For want of other matter, I send you here certain *verses made upon Jack's and Tom's journey*; for the prince and marquis went through Kent under the names of Jack and Tom Smith. *They were fathered first upon the king, but, I hear since, they were only corrected and amended by him.*" On the other hand, in the same volume [Harleian MS. 389] from which this letter is taken, is another, partly printed by Sir H. Ellis, "Original Letters," vol. iii. p. 133, from the Rev Joseph Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, dated Cambridge, 22 March, 1623, in which is the passage, "But that I guess I am prevented by others, I would have else sent you *the Kings Sonnet of Jack and Tom* and other such like tricks." This evidence is of the more value as James had been staying at Cambridge in the preceding week.

Since writing the above I have found [Appendix to Third Report of the Historical MSS. Commission, 1872, p. 299.] that among the MSS. of Matt. Wilson, Esq., of Eshton Hall, co. York, is a copy entitled in the above Report, and so presumably in the MS., "Verses by *King James*."

GEORGE F. WARNER.]



## APPENDIX.





## APPENDIX.

## NOTE BY MR. WARNER

ON "MARDONTIUS," IN THE "PRIVATE MEMOIRS,"  
AND ON ELEGIES TO LADY VENETIA.

Since the preceding pages have been in type I have discovered an original letter of some interest in connexion with the personal history of Venetia Stanley, and I take this opportunity, therefore, of calling attention to it. In the very curious "Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby," alluded to by Mr. Bright in his Introduction, the most conspicuous of the characters left unidentified by the editor is Mardontius. As to his part in the story, without entering into particulars, it is enough to say that, when Theagenes [Digby] was abroad and had been reported dead, Stelliana [Venetia] became so intimate with him as to provoke serious scandal; that, finding "she had inconsiderately brought herself so much upon the stage and submitted herself to the world's censure" for his sake, she consented to marry him; and that she allowed him to have her portrait, which he afterwards "used to shew as a glorious trophy of her conquered affections." It is through this portrait that I am now, as I believe, enabled to identify Mardontius and to clear up a difficulty in Aubrey's well-known account of Venetia. That Stelliana attached a special importance to the picture is seen later on in the "Memoirs," where we are told that, when Theagenes returned and was eager to renew his engagement, she refused to become his wife as long as it remained in the hands of his rival; that Theagenes, therefore, unable to recover it in any other way, was obliged to challenge him; and that finally Mardontius, refusing to fight in such a cause, gave it up on the field, together with a declaration withdrawing all imputations on the lady's character. Now in the Public Record Office [State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. 180, No. 13, Calendar, 1623-25, p. 427] there is the following letter, endorsed "Richard, Erle of Dorsett, his lre to my lady Killigrew about Mrs. Stanley's picture":—

"Maddame,—I would most unwillingly lay a violation of this commaundement, Thou shalt not steale, uppon my brother, yet *Mrs. Stanley tells me I have not her picture,*

*wch he tooke long since from her, but a coppy of it; and the originall remayne's with you. To confirme this she assures me he shewed it her not long since. As at first I could not beleeeve he would take it, conceale it, deny it as he did, so this latter fiction seemes rather a vision or a dreame then a reale thinge. Let your goodnes be pleased to dissolve this riddle and to cover over with the ashes of your judgment those lively quicke imbers of an iniurie so raked upp as it was forgotten, till his indiscretion (wch is a worde of the least weyght I can lay uppon it) hath blowen and kindeled them agayne. So shall you doe a noble parte of justice, and gaine one that while he lives will be ambitious to*

Serve you truely,

R1: DORSET.

Comparing this with the "Private Memoirs," there can, I think, be as little doubt that Sir Edward Sackville, Dorset's only brother and successor, is Mardontius as that "Mrs. Stanley" is Venetia. But this is not all. In his interesting notice of Venetia, Aubrey says plainly that, before she became Digby's wife, she had been the mistress of the writer of this letter, Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset; to which he adds, that, after her marriage, "once a yeare the Earle of Dorset invited her and Sir Kenelme to dinner, when the Earle would behold her with much passion and only kisse her hand." To the latter statement Sir Harris Nicolas replies that it is pure imagination, as Dorset was dead before her marriage took place; and the answer is apparently so conclusive as to throw discredit on Aubrey's whole story. If, however, Edward Sackville is Mardontius, the explanation is simple enough; for it at once becomes evident that Aubrey has confounded Richard, Earl of Dorset, who died in 1624, with his brother, who succeeded him and held the title till 1652. We have only, therefore, to correct this mistake, and we find that in point of fact he merely puts into definite shape what Digby himself admits was the common report as to the relations between the Mardontius and Stelliana of his "Memoirs." At the same time, of course, the ingenious, if not convincing, defence Digby there offers of his heroine's conduct now holds equally good as against Aubrey's charges.

It is more pleasant, however, to turn from these questionable passages in Venetia's career to her married life, which even Aubrey, her great detractor, represents as exemplary. Had it been otherwise, the glowing terms in which she is spoken of in the elegies and other pieces written in her honour would have been the cruellest irony.

A few words on these poems will not be here out of place. The most

complete collection of them in a single volume is to be found, perhaps, in Additional MS. 30,259, in the British Museum, which contains nine separate pieces. Unfortunately the volume is imperfect, and how many more were originally included it is impossible to say. Of those that remain four—the last of them for the first time—are printed here, viz., *The Pictures of the Body and the Mind*, by Ben Jonson, and the *Elegies of Randolph and Townshend*. The rest are elegies by Ben Jonson [making, with the two above named, three of the ten pieces comprised in his “*Eupheme, or the fair fame left to posterity of that truly noble lady the Lady Venetia Digby*”], Thomas May, Joseph Rutter, George Lord Digby, and William Habington. The only one of these which, as far as I can learn, has never been printed, is that by Thomas May, beginning “If art were proper in a mourning dresse.” Apart, however, from its value as a testimony to Venetia’s virtues, its merits are but slight and it is hardly worth reproducing. Another copy of it is in the Bodleian, Ashmole MS. xxxviii. f. 192. Rutter’s elegy, entitled “*Thyrsis*,” will be found at the end of his “*Shepherd’s Holyday*,” 1635; the shorter one of Lord Digby in Lipscomb’s “*History of Bucks*,” iv. 150. Besides those already named, another elegy, not included in Add. MS. 30,259, was written, under the title “*Funebre Venetianum*,” by Owen Feltham, and is printed in his “*Lusoria*,” ed. 1696, p. 11. The most significant of all is the elegy by “the amiable and virtuous” Habington, beginning “Weep not, Castara.” As Gifford justly remarks [“*Works of Ben Jonson*,” ed. 1875, ix. 50], “this speaks volumes in her [Venetia’s] praise, for Habington would not have written, nor would his Castara have wept, for an ordinary character.”





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